

Cure**ERMAN.**

and the inventors and discoverers
and effective cures, without the dressing
of the patient's pains and those who
are now at his service.

33 MILK STREET,

Tuesday and Friday each week there
is a public exhibition of the anatomical
and pathological specimens.

The anatomical and pathological
specimens are exhibited for 10 cents.

THE INVENTIVE & COUNTRY

COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

every year, and the inventors and discoverers
and effective cures, without the dressing
of the patient's pains and those who
are now at his service.

THE WINDHAM CO. CONNECTICUT
FAIR.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PLoughman.

The Windham Co. (Conn.) Agricultural
Society began their annual Fair at Brook-
lyn, Conn., on Sept. 18th, but as that day
was devoted to preparation it was not opened
to the public until the morning of the 19th.

The copious showers of Monday night had
thoroughly laid the dust, and there was
literally a "good day and good track" with
no excuse for the farmer to remain at home
to keep his stock at home, and, in conse-
quence, the usually quiet village was astir
at an early hour, with both people and
cattle going to market.

He can, however, consider it, for every man
who enjoys the pleasure of a walk from
his employment, once regarded it as useless
before the day of suffering and pain.

the most favorable circumstances, are best,
and the most affected by the strain of
the various forms of labor, the summer or later
they become terrible.

the summer or later Herma becomes terri-
ble.

The Poet's Corner.

THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

When I was young, and had no sense
Of care for power or for peace,
I took my splashing, dashing way,
Clear in mouth, well booted tied,
Had jauntily perched on side o' head,
An eye for every girl I saw;
I'd make a man I wove the pane;
The crotchettes recklessly I took,
The lamp-posts to their glasses shook,
And spent—heedless of their ways—
Old apple women the scores.

The years advanced, and, sober grown,
The "growlers" knew me for his own,
He had two hats, and girls;
My hat—silvered crown and brim—
Sits squarely o'er a winsome face;

With spangled chums and gaudy trim;

Then comes the "goodwives" days;

Now do to death the darling pages;

At east coast undamaged

The apple woman spreads her wares,

The coster puts his moly to the sun;

To leave midway his hideous meal;

For fear of the four great wheels;

On which I chase Thine drying heels.

Still shifts the scene—a grating hoar

Field of newts and shifting spuds;

Front-pants, tailors, and all new

Gauds drive as fast as ever two.

I travel now, where forth I fare,

On Shanks' staid-pacing mare;

Or, haply, if this be the way,

For limb and limb, and heart strong,

With honest heart's honest height,

And from restful emprise.

Won with some poor honest peace,

Like Hugo, "tis my prime delight

To watch the poor cool world,

Just as it is, and let it go.

Jesters and jesters, folks who do

As I, when I was foolish, too.

Bah, what will the last scene be

Of this eventful blower?

For limbs grow stiff and cannot climb;

And brash grow weak and cannot rhyme;

Pens, pens, pens, pens, pens, pens, pens,

What's then, will the writhing breathes,

Woo cannot talk, and may not ride?

Will Black Maria of her grace

Proffer her "unfeigned grace,"

Or shall that be the last?

Or shall that be the last?